

The Greater Journey

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Summary: An oddly matched group of aliens band together to face many obstacles and to protect Halo. Please READ and REVIEW! I suck at summaries so please read it anyway. It's interesting! I will be adding more chapters. Please check out my other fics.

The Greater Journey

Authors note: If you like this, please check out my other Halo fics and if you don't like this, please check out my other Halo fics. Oh, and for the disclaimer I obviously don't own Halo, what are you, stupid? There will be more chapters by the way.

Chase the Elite cut the air with his sword. He liked to pretend it one of the vile Flood. He had only just been enlisted to fight with the Covenant army. He continued to slash the air, occasionally adding sound effects. A little Grunt wandered over and casually said " Hey, great sword! I guess in few days you'll be using that for real. You should feel lucky that the Covenant had extra energy swords, they usually only give them away to Ultras, and I only got this little pistol". "You sure are a talkative little guy" said Chase, " I'm Chase, and you are?", "Saber" replied the Grunt, "Well maybe I'll see you later, because I have to go now" said the little Grunt and off he went. Chase went back to stabbing his invisible enemy.

Meanwhile, in a different part of the Covenant ship, Caleb the Jackal was scurrying around as some bored Brutes took turns scaring him, which was an easy thing to do because Caleb was a total and utter wimp. He was also considered strange by the other Jackals because instead of being black or orange, he was a bright shade of blue, which made him an obvious target. Therefore, he was always used to running away because his enemies would aim for him more than any other Jackals. He was in the corner quivering while some Brutes told him about what would happen to him if he was captured by the humans, or worse, the Flood. Finally, after a while, one of the nicer Brutes came over and told them to stop bullying the poor Jackal. "Th-thanks" said the Jackal to the Brute. "Grr, just go back to the rest of the

"Jackals" the Brute responded with annoyance in his voice, and the Jackal scurried off. "Samson" one of the Brutes said, "why do you pity those pathetic Jackals, all they are good for are being snipers". "Because" replied Samson, and for Samson, 'because' was a good enough reason for anything. Suddenly there was a crash and the alarms started to go off "Something has attacked the ship!" Samson yelled. He could hear gunfire on another part of the ship. The Brutes and the Jackals rushed towards the sound of the gunfire. He saw some Marines up ahead, their backs were facing him, he had the element of surprise. With the Jackals behind him, Samson leapt and began to charge the Marines. They started to fire in all directions, and as if it was in slow motion, he saw one bullet heading straight for the little blue Jackal's head. Samson jumped, and managed to push the Jackal out of the way. He felt a sharp pain in his right arm, he felt the bullet scrape bone, and lodge itself somewhere in his upper arm. When Samson looked up, the Jackal was nowhere to be seen, probably hiding. Samson touched his wound, and pain shot through his entire arm. He would get it fixed later, but now, he had to fight.

On the other half of the ship, Chase and Saber were fighting back to back against the Marines. Saber was shooting wildly, he had picked up a needler and was dual wielding the two guns, shooting both of them at the same time, while Chase was cutting the Marines to ribbons with his energy sword. "You interrupted my practice!" Chase said between gritted teeth, "You must pay!" he shouted at he leapt at a group of Marines and began to slash wildly.

After a few hours of fighting, things settled down. After all of the Marines had been annihilated. Then an Ultra's voice rang on the speakers, "Attention fighters, get your weapons ready and loaded, we are taking this fight to the surface". \*\*To Be Continued\*\*

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file.